

Loud Music by **The_BookDragon**

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Summary:

Drabble of neighbors and loud music.

Loud Music

Steve liked to think he was a mature adult, but today he was a petty bitch. His neighbor could go fuck themselves.

Every goddamn evening, apartment number 416 played music. Not just any music, loud ear shattering music that kept you from sleeping even if you were trying to go to sleep after working with eighth graders all day and wanted to embrace sleep with the fervor of a teenager having a wet dream. It also was 80s rock that was blasted at the level of most sonic booms. If it were any other type of music Steve could use pillows to block it out. But nooo it had to be a person playing decades out of style music at nine o'clock at night while people were sleeping. Noise complaints and notes did nothing to stop the never-ending cycle.

Steve had finally reached his breaking point. Last night was inexcusable, and a person can only take so much before fighting back.

Two days later, Steve had his plan all set up. And he could hear it begin, the opening to the song Thunderstruck rang out. Teeth bared in a savage wicked grin, Steve pressed play.

Bubblegum Bitch rattled the air in a retaliatory shot. It drowned out the AC/DC and filled the mind with Mariana and the Diamonds.

"Let's see how they like a taste of their own medicine," Steve was not going to stop until whoever lived in apartment 416 did.

The next morning, someone was banging on Steve's door. Groggy and in his boxers, he opened the door.

"Listen asshole... what the hell?" said mister blonde, beefy, and handsome. A choking noise and the blonde turning bright red, let Steve know he had said that out loud.

"Look, I don't know who you are and today is the only day I can get more than two hours of sleep," Steve was exhausted and edging the door closed, "so please just go away."

"Hold on," pushing the door back open, "This isn't over until you turn down your music," snarled whoever he was.

A thought popped into Steve's mind and he narrowed his eyes, "what's your apartment number?"

"I don't see what that has to do with this, but it's 416," grumbled the man who was now enemy number one.

"YOU," hissed Steve, actually making the culprit take a step back, "You have kept me awake at night for six months you rat bastard. I'm going to fucking castrate you with your own fucking music!"

In a manic rage, Steve lunged forward and the blonde menace backpedaled into the wall.

"Easy, easy," the neighbor shouted. Steve ignored him and yanked him by his collar through the open door of Steve's apartment.

Having successfully caught his prey, Steve let out his frustration.

"Are you fucking kidding me! Six months I have been trying to get you to turn down your music or at least have you play it sometime other than nine at night. Then the one night I play my music too loud you come storming over here this morning to demand me to turn my music down! No way you pea dick fuckboy! Not until you turn yours down!" Steve screeched, hair wild, still in his boxers, and waving his arms around.

"Will you go on a date with me if I do?" asked the blonde from 416.

Steve blinked and facepalmed, "I just insulted you, your music and you're asking me on a date? I don't even know your name!"

"Billy Hargrove," said the now named Billy, "and that wasn't exactly a no."

Praying to whatever God was there, Steve sighed and dragged his hand down from his face.

"Yes, but only if you turn your music down and let me sleep," Steve had a weakness for handsome men, sue him.

Billy's face broke out into a grin as Steve grabbed him and shoved him out the door.

"See ya tomorrow at six, pretty boy," Billy turned and smugly yelled.

Steve smiled and flipped him off. As Billy laughed, heading back to his own apartment.

Author's Note:

Just a little drabble. Also on Tumblr
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